

Silence and Serenity

The water smoothly rushes over the scattered stones, and this is where I belong.

When you first come upon the island, it isn't very impressive. It seems as if it is a captive animal which has slowly withered and aged along the years. Tourists trample the ground and flies are everywhere. However, beyond further exploration, it is not like the arrival at all. The island is beautiful in its own way, inviting you to the wonders of nature.

The woods feel like exotic jungles in a faraway land. Every native thing has a brushstroke of green or brown. Maybe even both. The air is fresh, and it feels as if you can breathe. Not literally but figuratively. All the stress is going away, and you have room to yourself. Room to breathe. You can let go of everything, and breathe in the revitalizing air, and breathe out your worries.

If you are coming to the island, be prepared to hike. There is no place where you can stay that you would have easy access to every feature of the island. It is not because the island is 1000 miles or anything; it is because there are unique places all around the island. The rolling dunes, the old lighthouse, the schoolhouse, the island possesses gems which a person would want to seek.

Rolling dunes stretch for a good portion of the island. Not an enormous chunk, but still significant. Getting there can be exhausting, and walking up and down colossal hills can be painful. Yet it is worth the hike. The dunes are swabs of a sandy palette, swished around until there are yards and yards down to the shore. You feel as if you were soaring when you zig-zag down.

Backtrack a few miles, until you are again close shore, except opposite of the previous place. This land is flat, and rocky. It highly contrasts all of the previous views. Some may call the area bland, and void of life. Those people are right. However, it possesses its own sort of beauty. It is the thorn of the rose.

There, on the shore, is the spot. That is my spot. The stones are arranged perfectly, like a pathway into Atlantis. Stones with assorted colors from earthy to aquamarine to fire-red tones. They are mostly smooth, yet you find ones that have a rough texture. The farther out you venture, the less rocks there are. The stones can range from Petoskey stones (yet I have only seen one of them) to common rocks that you would find in someone's driveway. You are strongly discouraged by the island authorities from taking stones as souvenirs.

Here the wind blows softly like a whisper; or the wind viciously thrashes and flails. Here the waves can flow over your feet, or splash wildly and topple you over. Here is the place where nature takes its course. A quick inspection of the water gives the misconception of the water being clear. However, a careful eye can see that the water is tinted with a touch of blue. Far-out, it seems as if the water is a brilliant sparkling blue. While the others may splash around and play games in the water, I rest on the stones and ponder. I stare out into the deep blue tides, and while my body is inactive, my mind is restless. A wave of peacefulness and water sweeps over me, and I become detached from the world and its troubles. I let go here. I am in my own world, and only the sounds of the swishing of the waves can take me out of that now. I forget my surroundings and breathe.